

The Lehigh Review.

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The Lehigh Review

A Serious Magazine devoted to the Interests of Lehigh
Published Quarterly by Students of the University

Vol. VII. No. 2.

Bethlehem, Pa.

March, 1933.

The Female of the Species

Reporters Have Their Problems, As Jack McConnell Found Out . . .

"T. JOHNSON KOEHLER reminds me of a bear trap," said Dick Barclay, city editor of the Warner College Daily Press. "only a bear trap is much more gentle."

Jack McConnell, reporter of the Press, to whom the remark was directed, leaned back in his chair, planted one foot on the spacer bar of his battered Royal, and said nothing.

It was noon, and through the windows of the "city" office, a few men could be seen typing out news for an edition that would be "put to bed" late that night. McConnell and the city editor were alone.

"I'll admit that the Evening Dispatch is our rival," continued Barclay. "and Lord knows we're trying hard enough to scoop Koehler's men on every story that breaks around here, but I'm afraid that you went a little too far."

"Did I beat him out of the biggest story of the year," asked Jack, "or didn't I?"

"You know damn well it wasn't that," Barclay insisted. "You not only beat him out of the biggest story of the year, but after we had it sewed up you took your copy down, threw it on his desk at the Dispatch, and told him what a rotten newspaper he had."

"I've always wanted to do that," said Jack simply.

"Do you know what it means?"

McConnell grinned. "It means that I have touched him in his tender spot," he said. "Some time I'll tell you about his tender spot."

Barclay regarded him seriously. "This isn't so funny as you might think," he warned Jack. "Koehler said publicly that he'd get even with you for that if it took 'till hell freezes over."

"In that case," suggested McConnell, "I should advise Koehler to bring in his brass monkeys."



By R. F. Herrick

Barely stood up and lit a cigarette. He was aware of the circumstances which made his position a ticklish one. The Daily Press was entirely independent of Warner College; yet, it was managed and produced by the students of the school.

The rival paper, the Evening Herald, published by T. Johnson Koehler, ran the Press a close race in the contest for circulation among the college students and town's people. Koehler, the self-styled editor, manager, and publisher, was not particularly burdened with scruples when it was a matter of beating the college Press.

In the unique position of the Press lay Koehler's strangle hold upon the Warner journalists. It was impossible for the college to officially reprimand the students for anything that they

might publish; but, President Morrison always managed to reach students whose activities displeased him.

Koehler, knowing the president's attitude, had in the past found ways of placing the best reporters and executives of the Press in such positions that the president had expelled them from school.

"Do you remember what happened to Al Timmins when he bucked Koehler?" inquired Barclay.

"Nobody knows exactly," McConnell replied.

"Well you remember that he beat Koehler's men out of too many stories and then suddenly was expelled by the prezzy for 'outrageous moral misconduct.' That ought to be a hint to you of what might happen."

. . . When the Ladies Took Over an Issue of the 'Daily Press' of Warner College.

"Do I act like the kind of a guy that would commit 'outrageous moral misconduct'?"

"No, and Timmins didn't either," admitted Barclay. "All I ask of you is that you watch your step. Your stories get a lot of circulation for our college rag and I don't want to see you leave in a hurry . . . by special request of the president."

McConnell pulled himself into a vertical position and stretched. It was time for luncheon and the fear of missing a meal was more pressing than the fear of Koehler or any of Koehler's men.

"Don't let any gray hairs appear in your beautifully groomed head on my account," he advised Barclay. "When my bridges appear I shall, in due form, cross them. I now go to heed the call of the great empty stomach."

"Wait a minute," called the city editor, "I forgot to tell you about the catastrophe."

McConnell paused at the door. "I wish," he said, "that you'd number your catastrophes. Which one is this?"

"Tomorrow," explained Barclay, "the girls from Rose Manor will be over to publish one edition of the Press. I'll expect you to come over and help out the girl that is to take over your work."

"Just why," asked Jack, "does the Press have to run up against a mug like 'Wild Eyes' Koehler and then ship in a crowd of women to throw another monkey wrench into the machinery?"

The city editor laughed—McConnell's attitude toward women was almost a proverb in the office. "It's just a courtesy to Rose Manor," he said, "and I don't think you'll find that they're such punks as you may think. Your substitute will probably write rings around you. You'd better be careful."

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THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

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McConnell pushed open the door. "I'll be over at nine," he promised, "but I'll leave at nine five."

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In place of the usual odor of paper, ink and cigarette smoke, an integral part of McConnell's love for the Press office, there was an alien element of perfume, and above the usual throaty hum of conversation there was an occasional giggle.

To Jack, the Press office was like a temple. There men were men, and the rattle of typewriters and calls from the city desk might all be considered a part of the ritual. The scent of perfume and the high pitched voices seemed a sort of sacrilege.

McConnell hurried past the city desk where the visitors were surrounded by the excited cub reporters and entered Barclay's office which was vacant at the time. He decided that he could do a few rewrites until one of the noisy and excited girls was directed to do his work for him. Then, he assured himself, he would make a well executed departure.

As a matter of fact, the reporter became so deeply interested in his work that he failed to notice that his particular "catastrophe" had entered. He was suddenly aware that someone was standing in front of his desk.

"Pardon me," said a girl.

Jack's visitor was possessed of none of the characteristics which he had for years considered a basis for his dislike of girls. She was neither overdressed, loud nor overconfident. You couldn't, he cautioned himself, shout at a girl like this one.

"What is it?" he asked with an obvious lack of intelligence.

The girl smiled. "I thought you understood," she said. "I've been chosen to get in your way this evening."

McConnell immediately experienced trouble in making his woman-hater complex work.

"Why I—," he began, "won't you sit down?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Well, my name is McConnell. I'm a reporter here."

"You needn't tell me that," laughed the girl, "we've all heard about your work here."

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"I'm mostly called Kay," the girl explained, "but—

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"Hurry up," Lou cut in, "there's a good yarn breaking on the wire—they want you to cover it." Lou disapp-

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dimmed lights, he drove up the slight grade to the large parking lot in the rear of the house.

There was but one car in the parking lot. Its lights, shining toward Jack's car, were dimmed. The reporter guessed that this must be the raiding party. He exercised a certain amount of care, fearing he might run into the wrong people and reveal the plans of the county police.

As McConnell stepped from his car, the lights of the other machine, pointed toward his, became bright and at best he could distinguish only the forms of several men who approached him.

"Who are you?" called one of the men.

Jack attempted to distinguish the features of the men, but their low drawn hats and the brilliant light behind them made identification impossible.

The reporter had no desire to hold up the proceedings. "I'm McConnell of the Press," he said.

"O.K." grunted the speaker, "I guess we're ready."

As the men approached Jack suddenly wondered about the bright headlights of the car. A strange thing to be so open about a secret raid. It wasn't right—everything seemed suspicious. Then his sixth sense urged him to run. In that split second of time before the blackjack slugged him, his mind commanded but his body refused to work, then there was a splitting shock and it was all over.

Jack opened his eyes slowly. His head was throbbing with dull pain and some hazy somebody was putting cold things on it. He made an effort to say something and failed. Soon, however, his eyes managed to reach a focus, and his voice returned.

"Kay!" he exclaimed, "how did you get here?" Then, "where the devil am I?"

The girl smiled. McConnell thought that that made his head feel a little better.

"You're in no condition to worry about anything," she whispered. "Now keep quiet."

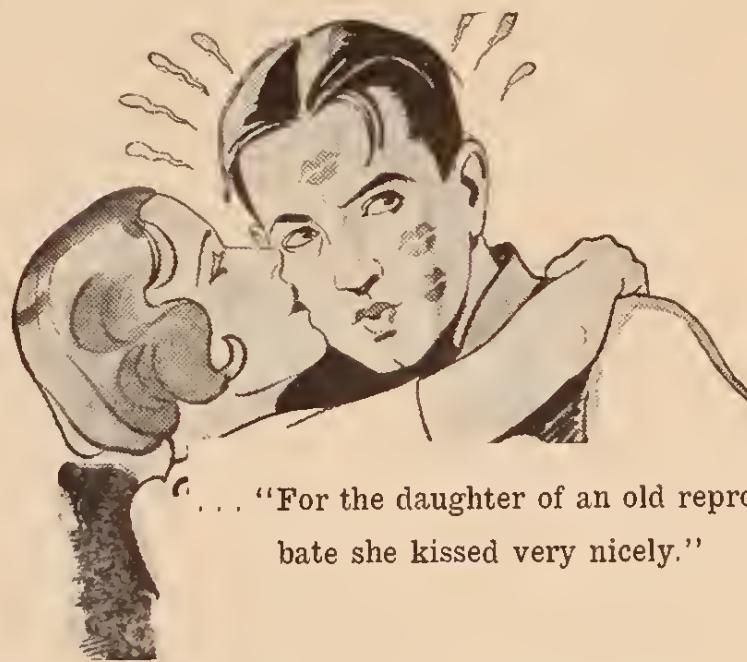
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"Tell me—what did they do?"

"Everything is all right; try to rest," Kay advised.

"A swell rest-home this is," grunted the reporter, recognizing the cheap furnishings of the roadhouse. "But tell me—what happened?"

The girl saw that hesitation would not help matters, and tried to explain



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peared as unceremoniously as he had entered. McConnell pardoned himself and answered the phone.

"McConnell?" inquired the voice on the other end of the line.

"Yes."

"Do you know where the Madame's house is located on the state road?" questioned the voice.

"Yes."

"Well this is the tip off that it's due for a raid tonight. You ought to be able to land a hot piece of news on it."

"Thanks a lot," said Jack, "I won't miss that."

McConnell turned to the girl. "I'm afraid that I'll have to leave. A story just broke that will have to be covered."

"Since I'm your substitute," suggested the girl, "mayn't I reasonably ask to go along?"

Jack felt his ears burn. How the devil could he explain his way out of this?

"Well you see—er—this is rather an unusual place," he stammered. "I don't think you had better go along."

"What kind of a story is it?" she asked innocently.

"Well it's a kind of a feature story about a lot of people."

"You had better write an article about some of the girls over at your school," he told Kay, "and I'll be back later to look it over."

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As Jack's roadster purred over the state road he mutely observed that it was a rotten night to do anything but commit a murder. There was a low fog that made driving difficult and at times formed a white wall before the headlights, making it almost necessary to stop. The windshield wiper hatted back and forth, manfully trying to keep the fine mist from the glass.

The reporter's mind kept wandering back to his new friend. He inwardly chided himself for thinking about the girl. He had, he told himself, been acquainted with a few women before. They were all cut from the same pattern. And as far as responsibility was concerned, a man was the only one who was dependable. A man, he assured himself, didn't go into things blindly as a girl would.

Suddenly, at the side of the road, he saw the sign which marked the limits of Evansville. He knew that the stone house could not be far away and drove slowly, trying to distinguish the outlines of the dwellings through the fog.

Within a quarter of a mile the reporter found the house which he was seeking. There was no mistaking the large rambling structure. So, with

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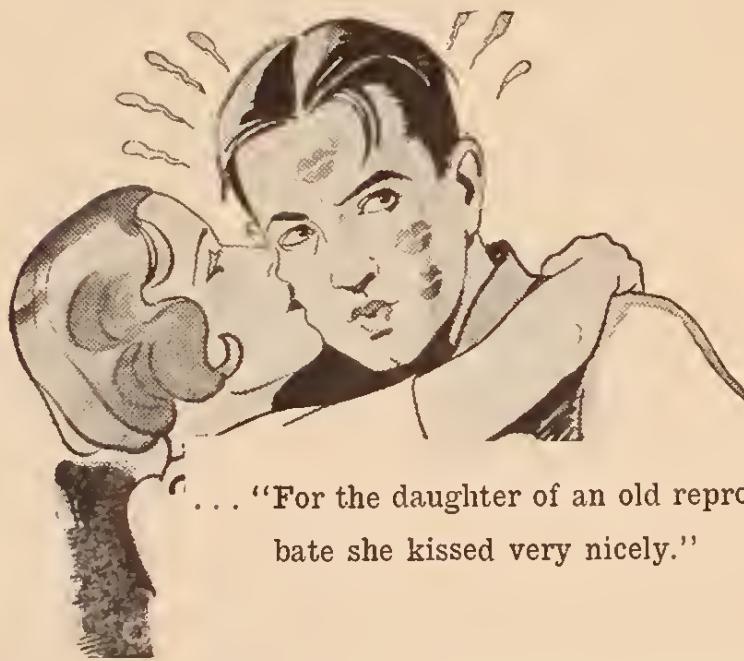
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Cutting Off Your Own Nose



By Ag Nostic*

FATE TAKES A HAND IN DEALING WITH THE COLLEGE MAN WHO BELIEVES "STUDIES ARE NOT EVERYTHING"

LEHIGH'S cut system centers around George Bartlett Curtis who in 1926 resigned his position as assistant professor of economics to become assistant dean and registrar. At the expense of his popularity among the undergraduates, he has to do the "dirty work" required by the Faculty rules; i. e., he must see that all students maintain regular attendance at classes or, as an alternative, see that they are penalized by probation and suspension, if eventually necessary. Because the men who take no cuts are few and far between, (fifty-five took no cuts last semester) the cut system effects either directly or indirectly nearly the entire student body. As soon as a student cuts one class, the system goes into operation in accordance with the following rule:

"Each instructor shall keep a record of the absences in his sections. In addition, daily reports of attendance shall be made by each instructor to the registrar, and an attendance record maintained in the registrar's office." The instructor writes the name of the absent student on one of the familiar "yellow slips" and turns it into the department stenographer who forwards a report to the registrar. Here is where the student sometimes gets a "break." Instructors are human and professors are forgetful, as every comic artist knows; so it happens more often than most faculty members will admit, that the attendance is secured by the stenographer in somewhat this fashion:

"Mr. Blank, you did not turn in attendance slips for your classes yesterday."

day," says the department stenographer.

"Oh, there were no absences," replies Mr. Blank, who probably had forgotten to take the attendance and who now fills in "yellow slips" which read, "No absences." The students who were absent are in luck. Oddly enough, the similar mistake of reporting as absent a student who is present is seldom made. If it is, the student seldom learns about it; or if he does, all that he has to do is to convince the instructor that he had been present at the required time. That's all.

The Letter To Papa

At the registrar's office, the system is carried on under the direction of Miss Bernadine Free, assistance recorder. The attendance card which every student fills out when he registers (thus saving the University more money) makes the recording of absences very simple. Each absence reported by an instructor is marked on this card. When the cut marks begin to multiply, Dean Curtis is notified and a red tab is placed at the top of the attendance card. If the cuts continue to increase, the student is notified and a yellow tab replaces the red. If the student continues his erring ways, Dean Curtis sends a letter to papa telling him just how many classes his lazy son has not attended, and a green tab replaces the yellow. The green probably signifies that the student is about to go. If papa doesn't get into action, and if son Johnny still refuses to come and get the benefits of a Lehigh education, he is placed on cut probation and now his card flies a tab of royal purple. Cut probation means that the student will be allowed only a definite small number of cuts for the balance of the semester. Since

So You Are Not Going To Take Too Many Cuts?

in most cases, the semester is nearly over, the student usually manages not to exceed his limit (records show that only one out of every twenty-five men who go on cut probation is dropped for exceeding the limit). However, there have been cases where men have deliberately cut classes on the last day of the semester to avoid taking the final examinations.

But \$400 is \$400 (ask Dr. N. M. Emery). Consequently the University usually welcomes back to the campus the persistent violator of the regular attendance rule as provided by the following regulation:

"A student dropped under the preceding rule (for exceeding the cut limit while on probation) may apply to the committee on standing of students for readmission at the beginning of any subsequent semester; every such application shall be considered by the committee on its individual merits."

Back at Lehigh, the student starts the semester with a blue tab on his attendance card (even if he had not been dropped from school this would have been the case), but otherwise he is free to cut until he is again dropped from the University.

Does the cut system provide adequate insurance against absences? Dr. Neil Carothers, head of the college of business administration, and Dean Curtis say it does. The records show that they are correct. Dr. Carothers may never have said that the cut system has proved a great success, but he frequently tells his students of the time when he was unable to hold classes on the day before and the day after a vacation period because of lack of students. That time is gone; so the credit may as well go to the cut system.

System Is Near Perfect

Dean Curtis is of the opinion that Lehigh's cut system is about as near perfect as it can be, though he is willing to admit that there are possibilities of improving it. The unlimited cut system for which the undergraduates are always striving would not be successful, he declares. This system has been tried at other universities with very gratifying results at first, but with a gradual drop in marks until a system of no cuts or limited cuts has again to be inaugurated.

Unofficially Lehigh has unlimited cuts for those who attain a "3" average. These men are allowed to cut almost as they wish without receiving a cut notice. The joke is that these men are not usually the ones who do the most cutting; that is why their averages are so high. If they do begin to cut to such an extent that their work is apt to be affected, they too receive cut notices. Somewhat more leniency is shown to seniors than to

underclassmen in the matter of being placed on cut probation. By the time a man is a senior, he is usually more serious about his work and attends classes more regularly. The records also show that cutting is not excessive. For the first semester of the year 1932-33, there were 12,600 absences, an average of 9.4 per man, of this number 2,626 were excused, an average of 1.9. For the same semester, 55 men took no cuts, 415 limited themselves to 5 cuts, and 442 limited themselves to 10 cuts. One man managed to take more than 100 cuts, but it is not known whether or not this is an all-time record.

Whenever a cut system provides for excused absences, this question always comes up. When is an excuse not an excuse? The dean or registrar who has to answer this question often shakes his head and sighs, "When?" The rules at Lehigh provide that:

"A student may apply to the dean for an excuse: (a) in the case of consecutive absences from all classes extending over a period of one week (six consecutive days of instruction) or more; and (b) in the case of absence from a scheduled or announced quiz, laboratory period, seminar, drill, or similar exercise. Excuses will be granted, also, for all absences incurred on account of inspection trips and trips of athletic teams or of other similar groups officially representing the University."

"A student may apply to the dean for an excuse," so reads the rule, but when does he get it is what most students want to know. Deaths, marriages, or illness in the family account for but few of the excuses which are given. Excluding athletic and inspection trips, illness secures most of the excuses. Most of the students thus excused present testimonial slips from the Students Health Service. In speaking of the students who apply for these health excuses, Dr. Raymond C. Bull, head of the Service, declared, "It is hard to determine when a man is trying to fool you and when he has a justifiable cut." He added, however, that only a few students now apply for excuses and that all but 25% are legitimate. Since at Lehigh excuses for absences other than those mentioned above are neither required or accepted, excused absences do not create a difficult problem.

The cut system at Lehigh is apt to be changed at any time. The pleas of the students for unlimited cuts or at least unlimited cuts for seniors may be granted. In the meantime, the University will insure its future income by making its students attend classes, and the students will insure their getting the value out of the money which they have expended by attending classes and not being dropped for excessive cutting.

*Based on an article originally submitted to the REVIEW by

Through College on Something a Year

By E. V. Schyler

THE equivalent of the income from a capital investment of \$35,000,000 is required over and above the University endowment to educate the 1,400 students here at Lehigh each year.

Statistics in bulk tend to have a paralyzing effect on the reader as well as the compiler. A blithe phrase or two, a few figures, and the story of the cost of a college education is easily summarized. But the true story of college costs, the facts that apply to each individual, are lost in the telephone number totals.

With the exception of the semi-annual grousing at registration time, few students think much about the actual cash outlay necessary to go to college. With the exception of the vague general notion that the Chemicals take a terrible lacing on fees, and the universal feeling that the athletic fee is perhaps a trifle high, not much thought is given by the average college man to his college expenses, except by those who are partly or wholly supporting themselves.

First of all, every student is responsible for an annual tuition fee of \$400 and for about \$37.50 in general fees. But right here, at the very beginning of the tabulation of expenses, differences in the methods of meeting the obligation occur.

First Comes Tuition

There are five methods of paying tuition at Lehigh: cash, short-term notes, loans, deferred tuition, and scholarships. The first needs no explanation. The short-term notes run for from 60 to 90 days, and amount to installment payments. The loans and deferred tuition come under the head of charge accounts. Here, the loans carry interest from the date of the loan, while the deferred tuition carries it from the date of graduation. Both of these types are paid off in installments after graduation.

In order to secure these aids, the applicant must present evidence of actual need for them, and in addition must have a satisfactory scholastic average. The free scholarships are subject to the same restrictions as the loans, but are only awarded to applicants with high averages.

Tuition and general fees only mark the threshold of the financial road of the student. He must have books, food, lodging, clothing. A large variety of incidentals lie ahead of him. If he is an engineer, he has additional fees to pay, ranging from a total of some \$180 in one year for a Chemical engineer to a probable average of \$30 per year for the college at large.

Still Costs Plenty

The decline in the general price level in the last few years, while reducing wages and income as well as other costs, has not helped the college student very much.

A rock-bottom budget must allow at least \$175 a year for food today, while in 1929 the same board would have cost in the neighborhood of \$225. This minimum is raised to a figure of \$250 by the budget suggested by a university authority. This is probably nearer the mean figure.

Room rent ranges from \$55 to \$120 per year in the dormitories, \$90 and up in town, and from about \$80 up in fraternities.

Only the three major items of expense have been covered so far, and we already have an irreducible minimum of \$650, with an average nearer \$825.

Next in importance in our list comes the question of books, which require an outlay of from \$20 to \$40 for most students, although one engineering course is reputed to require an expenditure of nearly \$100 for reference works during the Junior year.

Fraternities Cost Most

This completes the list of standard costs, and we find we have a range from an irreducible minimum of \$675 to a mean of approximately \$850. From this point on, the difference in the mean becomes even greater, and almost invariably the totals can be grouped according to whether the student is earning any of his expenses, and whether or not he lives at home, in a fraternity, or in the dorms, or town.

Among those who earn all or part of their expenses at college—and the University Placement Service estimates that 25% of the men in school are in this class—the average yearly expenses of a non-fraternity man is about \$800, and for a fraternity man around \$1,100.

Although there are no actual figures available for students who receive all their expenses from outside sources (the other 75% of the student body), random expenses from the campus indicate it costs the non-fraternity man in the neighborhood of \$1,100 a year, and the fraternity man about \$1,300.

From these individual figures we can draw a conservative estimate of \$1,000 as the average yearly expenditures of

a college man in Lehigh University. With a student body of 1400, this means that a total—here we are back in totals again—of \$1,400,000 over and above the University income from endowment is spent by Lehigh students each year—a goodly portion of which is spent in Bethlehem itself.

If you are surprised by these figures stay with us a little longer—we've only told you part of the story. In normal times (the "Good Old Days"), a boy in his first four years out of high school could earn from \$800 to \$2,000 per year, so that in addition to our figure of \$1,000 cost per year for a college education, we must add the amount the student would have earned if he had not gone to college but had secured a job instead.

Our figure is now well over \$2,000 per year for the four years spent in Lehigh. And now, to complete this little sketch of the average student's budget—look what a cut costs you besides a mark in the Dean's office. A fair estimate of the number of classes per year is 750, based on about 22 per week. Dividing this into the total expenses per year gives the interesting figure of \$2.66 per class—and \$2.81 is rather high for a matinee at a local theater.

What Becomes of Lehigh Arts Men

By Prof. P. M. Palmer

The total number of students who graduated in the two years covered by the study was 140. The distribution as of February 1, 1933, was as follows:

Number of graduates in law school	26
Number of graduates in medical school	19
Number of graduates in theological school	7
Number of graduates in dental school	3
Number of graduates in other graduate schools	15
Number of graduates in teaching	14
Number of graduates in business or labor	40
Number of graduates unemployed	13
No reply	6
Counted twice	4
Deceased	1

The total in the various graduate schools, 70, is exactly one half of the total number of graduates for the two years. This unusually large proportion is doubtless due in part to the lack of business opportunities. However, the percentage of men who are attending graduate schools for this reason is

low. We know that all of the men in the medical, dental, and theological schools have merely carried out their original plans. A few men in the law schools and possibly five men in other graduate schools are probably in attendance because of the scarcity of positions.

Among the graduate schools the University of Pennsylvania with 9 students leads in the number of Lehigh Arts men in attendance. Harvard has 6, Lehigh 6, Columbia 5, The General Theological Seminary in New York 5, New York University 5, Temple 2, Minnesota 2, and at least one each may be found at Johns Hopkins, Cornell, California, Duke, Michigan, Boston University, Pittsburgh, Brooklyn Law School and the University of Maryland. Even Heidelberg and Halle in Germany are represented. In a number of cases the returns did not indicate the school attended. Five men, for example, are registered at some graduate school in New York City and it is probable that the figure cited for the schools listed would be materially increased if the facts were known. In general the tendency is to enter a graduate school near home.

Head of the College of Arts and Sciences.



PROF. P. M. PALMER

THIE statistics for the graduates of the College of Arts and Science in the classes of 1931 and 1932 bring out some interesting facts, interesting particularly because of the light they throw on the effect of the present economic situation upon recent college graduates. While generalization is dangerous, the probabilities are that what is true of the Lehigh Arts College is typical of most colleges.

(Continued on Page 14)

A Legend of St. Patrick

By Rafael A. Soto
Assistant Professor of Romance Languages.

You Didn't Know That Saint Patrick Was a Chaser of Worms — Did You?

OUR readers need not be told that the great Saint whom we all honor on March 17 was in his day a great snake chaser, for this is one of those Irish truths that are common among us. But we wonder if they ever heard that Saint Patrick—after he had passed from this earthly life—became likewise a great chaser of worms, of pest worms that destroy crops, and that one occasion he saved a cassava crop from being destroyed by the pesky creatures. This act of love and charity, which won for the Saint the title of tutelary guardian of cassava, did not have Ireland for its setting, nor was it performed for the benefit of the Irish anywhere. The locality where it did take place was the Island of Puerto Rico, which goes to prove that saints have a way of not recognizing national or racial boundaries. The time was the early days of the colonization of the island by the Spaniards, about a hundred years before Boston began its existence and many many more years before this Puritan city and New York decided to go Irish.

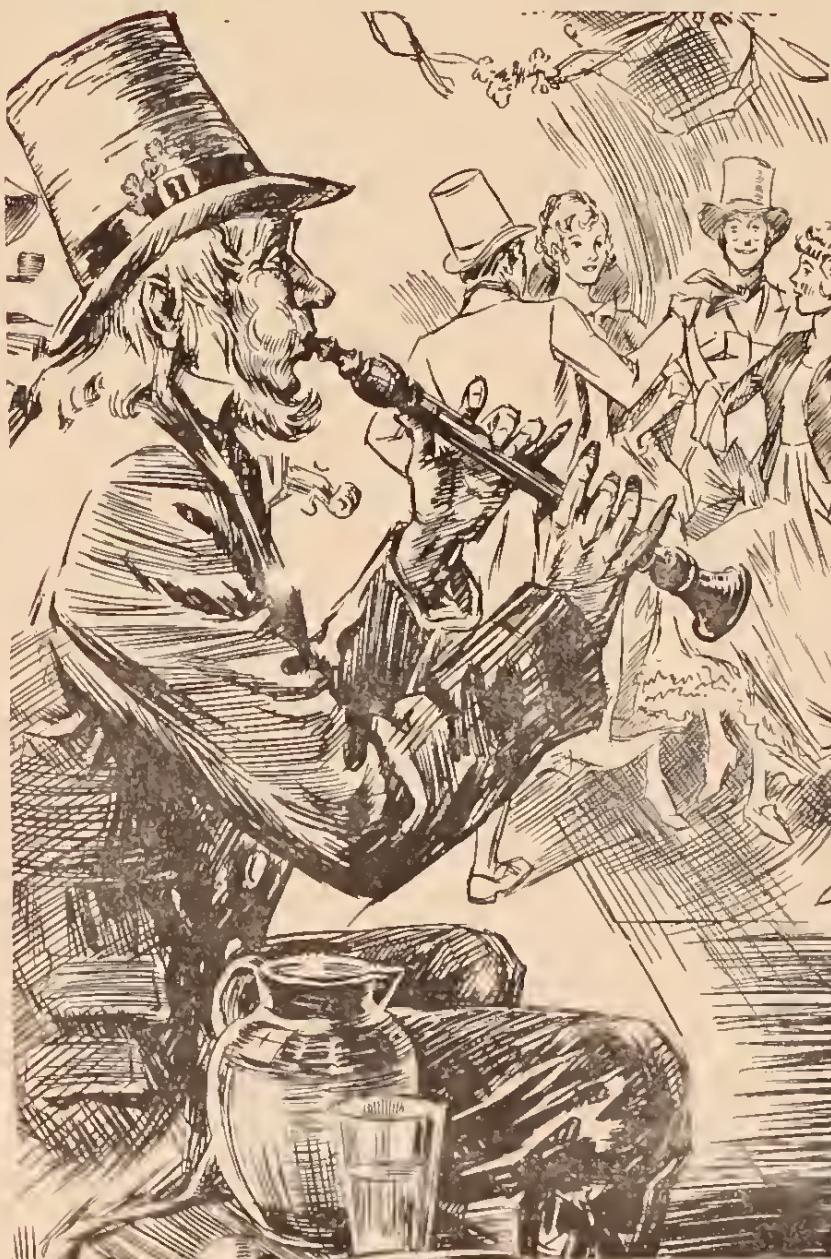
Should anyone take us to task for saddling upon Saint Patrick this additional miracle—for a miracle it was—we only have to refer him to the authority of Father Diego de Torres Vargas, who speaks of it in his well known Chronicle written about the middle of the seventeenth century. Father Vargas was then a Canon of the Cathedral of San Juan and had access to records that have not come down to us. Moreover, he lived at a time when the tradition concerning the miracle in question was still fresh in the minds of the people.

Not long ago, Dr. Cayetano Coll y Toste, a former "Official Historian of Puerto Rico," took certain parts of Father Vargas's narrative and wove them into a legend which he entitled "The Miracles of Saint Patrick."

Our story is, in part, a free adaptation of Dr. Coll y Toste's version. For other parts of it, we have either drawn directly from Father Vargas's Chronicle or borne in mind the reports of oral tradition as they have reached us.

few additional details drawn from Father Vargas' Chronicle and from other sources which we need not mention. In it we have emphasized the circumstances of St. Patrick's miracle rather than the miracle itself.

About the year 1535, when the life of the young Spanish colony had just passed its first quarter century, a devastating plague of worms invaded the cassava plantations, threatening ruin



"--- THIS IS ONE OF THOSE IRISH TRUTHS THAT IS COMMON AMONG US."

to the entire crop. One can easily imagine the anxiety of the colonists at the thought of such impending calamity, for cassava bread was then the mainstay of the bulk of the population.

Now people in those days did not, as we do at present, indulge in such luxuries as appropriations for fighting pests or subsidies to farmers in distress. About the only thing they did to counteract the effect of the evil forces of Nature was to appeal to some saint who would intercede in their behalf, acting as advocate before the Throne of Mercy.

Accordingly, in their determination to get rid of the worms, the farmers in the vicinity of San Juan decided to put their case in the hands of Saint Saturninus. At a meeting of the Cathedral Chapter several years before, this saint had been chosen by lot to act as advocate against a plague of

ants, and the outcome of his intercession had left no doubts in the minds of the faithful as to his great power and influence in Heaven. Appropriate ceremonies were, therefore, held in the Cathedral, with Monsignor Alonso Manso, Bishop of the Diocese, himself officiating; and a procession of the faithful, led by several capitulars, marched along the few streets of the City, offering prayers to Saint Saturninus to intercede in their favor.

The same ceremonies were repeated for several days in succession, but without any visible sign of relief. In the cassava fields the worms continued unceasingly their work of devastation. . . Why hadn't the plague stopped? Had the Saint lost influence with the Powers above? Was the task too great to be undertaken alone? At the Bishop's House a certain uneasiness began to be felt. Of

late the tithes had been falling short, and there was danger of still further reductions. If something was not done, and that quickly, to show the faithful that the Church could still be relied upon in an emergency, the cause of the Faith was surely bound to suffer.

In the midst of this perplexity, the Dean of the Chapter one day approached the Bishop in these terms:

"My Lord," said he, "I believe we should adopt drastic measures to drive away this pest. Further delay, I fear, might bring about serious consequences."

"Send word to the Vicar-general to call a meeting of the Chapter for tomorrow," was the Bishop's quick reply.

The Vicar-general diligently obeyed the order, and he even invited the Provincial of the Dominicans to attend the ecclesiastical gathering. No other religious orders had as yet established themselves in the City.

At the meeting of the Chapter, after a prolonged discussion, it was decided to continue the supplications to Saint Saturninus. To dispense with his services would have been impolitic, to say the least, for the Saint had a large following among the people. However, in order to satisfy those capitulars who wanted immediate drastic action, the Dean proposed that lots be cast again for the purpose of finding out what other saint the Divine Will would deign to select to act as co-intercessor with Saint Saturninus. The proposal, being in the nature of a compromise, was approved without difficulty. It was further decided that the drawing of lots take place at a joint-meeting of the Cathedral Chapter and the City Council and that a minor child be appointed to draw out from a glass urn the folded slip of paper containing the name of the saint to be chosen.

On the appointed day, both Chapter and Council met at the Bishop's House. The aid of Heaven was implored with a most fervent prayer appropriate to the occasion, and immediately the drawing of lots began in the manner referred to above. The ecclesiastical Notary opened the slip that the child handed over to him, and he read in a loud voice:

"San Patricio!" Which, interpreted, means Saint Patrick.

All those present looked at one another in surprise, for this saint was almost unknown to them. They had hoped for some such name as Saint Joseph, Saint Blase, Saint Rita of Cascia or Saint Barbara, who were very much in vogue in those days.

The Vicar-general took the floor and said:

"My beloved brethren in the Lord, we must respect the Will of Heaven

(Continued on Page 9)

The LEHIGH REVIEW

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PASSING IN REVIEW . . .

WRITHING IN PAIN, his front tooth knocked out and the nerve exposed, a prominent Lehigh athlete yowled for attention during a basketball rehearsal a short time ago. The yowl demanded immediate action. But, alas and alack! the yowler couldn't be taken to a dentist without an official Okay signed by the campus Medico. And since the Medico was nowhere to be found, the injured bb player had to yowl around for some two hours until an order came through saying exposed nerves were painful and should be treated. It just goes to show you.

A YOUNG LADY, a member of the well-dressed and pretty secretarial crew in the Administration building, has taken (whoops!) to sliding down the circular banister from the upper floor. Claiming no authority on the delicate subject, except her personal experience, she nevertheless expounds sufficiently to tell us there are two approved methods of banister sliding: the straddle, and the side saddle. Being of the newer school, milady prefers to straddle. In both, however, the principle danger is from friction. Loss of limb from collision is very rare. "I find the sport exhilarating," she says. "It takes my mind off my work."

NOWADAYS, the editor of the Brown and White can write an editorial predicting an Arcadia action, rush to an Arcadia meeting where he is president, and see that the action is passed, and get back to his typewriter in time to add a final paragraph saying, "I told you so." It's all in line with the best of American traditions.

THERE IS PROBABLY no foundation in the rumor that Lehigh intends discarding the Arts college in order to balance the Athletic budget.

WHENEVER WE HANDLE the telephone in the journalism lab, we get a crazy impulse to call up President Richards and say, "Hello, Charlie, how's the kid? Say, about this athletic publicity. . ." It's just an impulse, thank God. Aren't inhibitions awful things?

THE WELL and not always kindly known REGISTRAR (read, "Cutting Off Your Own Nose," this issue) of this, our university, Mr. George Bartlett Curtis, A. M., has long been on the pan for his eccentricities of manner, speech, and dress. He has taken his ride like a good skater, asked for more, and incidentally, has made and is making better than average newspaper copy.

The classic undergraduate character sketch of Mr. Curtis naturally contains emphatic allusions to his benign smirk and his hollow "tee hee!" So, it was with a philosophical smile that we greeted, continues M. R., a small edition of Mr. Curtis outside his residence.

"Are you young, Mr. Curtis?"

"Yeah, I'm George Bartlett Curtis, Jr. Tee, hee!"—Smirkingly.

All of which proves nothing except that children are impressionistic and should be removed from dubious influences during the age of mimicry.

"LEHIGH," a non-too-garrulous faculty member remarked recently, "has a first class bunch of second class instructors." We knew it for a long time; but, to think he'd admit it!

BOOKS

Dr. Myron J. Luch Selects at Random Some Comments made by his Students in Contemporary Literature.

SOVIET RIVER—LEONOV (RUSS.)

SOVIET River, a long descriptive novel dealing with the problems and happenings in the conception and construction of a large paper-pulp factory in the north of Russia, is very worth while reading. It gave me a subconscious impression of the great difficulties faced by Russian pioneers, their frequent feeling of futility and their great faith in the inevitability of the success of their plan of government and society. This is one of the best books I have read so far.

—Geo. T. Bell

THE DEVIL IN THE FLESH—RADIGUET (FR.)

The title of this novel was most appropriate. It related to the passion of love, the "Devil," which possessed a young boy. Passion in the part of the Devil is right! A boy of sixteen, hardly matured, would not last long if he lived the life of the "hero." The novel itself was a great disappointment and I considered it very silly. Of course I realize that the French people do not look down upon this sort of thing. The characters are not natural to me.

—K. G. Bloom

TWO LIVING, ONE DEAD—CHRISTIANSEN (NORW.)

I enjoyed this book a great deal. The book is easy to read, the plot is finely woven, the characterization excellent, and, most of all, the book does not accentuate sex. It is not the usual type of modern story. The book might be considered a satire on the way the modern world acclaims its heroes. Here is a man, Erik Berger, who had the common sense to offer no resistance to post office thieves, and who suffered for nine years because he used it. His rival, Lydersen, who was so frightened that he didn't know what he was doing, attacked the thieves, received a slight blow on the head and became a hero. I found a sort of admiration for Berger in spite of his weakness, for he was not naturally weak.

—C. R. Chambers

MAID IN WAITING—GALSWORTHY (ENGL.)

The book is the essence of this author in distinction of style, in humor, in emotions and in characterization. The novel seemed more idealistic and was more interesting than his "Flowering Wilderness"; but a blind man could see that it was written by the same masterful hand. The novel would make an excellent play I think. I would recommend this book to any one.

—R. R. Gordon

MARCELA—AZUELA (MEX.)

This book derives its chief interest from the author's attempt to portray the social situation in Mexico. It is the story of the struggle between the rich land-owner and the impoverished peons. The plot is neither intricate nor elaborate. The characters were not developed as individuals. Each character represents a cross section of Mexican life. The style of writing was very crude; some of the descriptions were actually vulgar. The book as a whole has few virtues and I would not advise anyone to read it.

—H. F. Kilpatrick

UNCLAY—POWYS (ENGL.)

This is the queerest book I have ever read. I could not understand what the author was trying to put across. The plot seems to be that Death, as John Death, has come down to earth to perform his duty, with written instructions to kill Joe Brindle and Susie Dawe. He is frustrated because he lost his written instructions and could not remember his mission. The story then tells of John Death's adventures in and about the small town of Dodder. "Unclay" means the removal of the spirit from the body. As one reads the last chapter where angels give messages and girls are welding death's scythe one cannot help calling the book fantastic.

—R. P. Landis

PAGEANT—LANCASTER (ENGL.)

This is a very interesting book, dealing with the settlement and civilization of Tasmania. The book is in three parts. The first part deals with two pioneer families living in log houses and raising sheep for a living. The second part deals with the civilization of Tasmania. Here comes the rise of the Sorley family and the successful fight of the Comyn family to keep up with them. The third part shows the happy realization of these two families in their undertaking. The book is true to a large extent and offers the most enjoyable reading of any book I have seen this semester.

—D. J. Layton

LOVERS ARE NEVER LOSERS—GONO (FR.)

The title of this book can be taken in two ways. Love of man for woman, and the love of man for man. The man and the woman are obviously not losers when they find true love in each other; but in the friendship of the males, another question of loyalty arises. Around these tender emotions is woven this story of peasant life in France. This is probably the most peculiar love story I have ever read. Because of the peasant characters involved it seems quite crude in places. Altho I did not enjoy the story itself certain sensitive episodes remained in mind and made me regard the book as one book as one I shall probably remember as "different" for some time.

—R. H. Lutzy

A LEGEND OF SAINT PATRICK

(Continued)

and address our supplications to Saint Patrick also."

The Dean, who meanwhile had been feeling ill at ease, for it was his initiative that had made this meeting possible, promptly rose to his feet and said:

"I support the opinion of the Vicar-general, but I believe it would be advisable to draw lots again."

This unexpected sally met with the enthusiastic approval of the majority, especially of those who had felt misgivings at the mention of Saint Patrick's name. They hoped that a mistake had been made somewhere.

The slip containing Saint Patrick's name was again placed in the urn. The Notary stirred the container, and called upon the child to draw once more. The child did as ordered, and again the voice of the Notary resounded in the hall as he read:

"San Patricio!"

It is recorded that lots were drawn three times and that three times the name of Erin's patron saint was triumphantly announced from the rostrum. In the minds of those present, this was no longer a mere trick of chance but a clear manifestation of the Divine Will.

That same evening the Cathedral was crowded with those who came to pray to their new intercessor. Now their prayers would surely be answered, they must have thought; for hadn't God unequivocally demonstrated that Saint Patrick was the favorite of His choice?

The next morning the City was all in a state of excitement at the reports that came from the cassava plantations. The plague had been arrested! And it was so in fact.

What cause had operated to bring about this result? From Father Vargas's record we infer that the cause had been no other than the effective intercession of Saint Patrick, and we are content to let it go at that. He says further that in view of the fact that the colonists believed the act to have been a miracle, both Chapter and Council decided to place cassava under the special protection of Saint Patrick, at the same time voting to perpetuate his feast, which was to be celebrated yearly by the entire City, with mass, sermon, and procession.

As late as 1641, according to the testimony of Father Vargas, the feast was still being celebrated; and the good Father goes on to say that because of this the colonists had never suffered from lack of cassava bread, except, of course, in years when hurricanes destroyed all the crops. Hurricanes were evidently beyond Saint Patrick's sphere of power.

There is no record of what happened in subsequent years when pests of the

nature described above again infested the cassava plantations.

Perhaps by that time the intercession had lost much of its effectiveness through failure on the part of Saint Saturninus to co-operate with Saint Patrick.

Perhaps Saint Patrick, in righteous indignation at the growing scepticism of the people, had given up the task as hopeless.

Perhaps the Divine Maker, in His Infinite Wisdom, permitted the pests to run their full course, meanwhile teaching people, through their own efforts, how to protect their crops without having to molest the Saint in his Heavenly Abode.

The latter would seem to us to be the most reasonable supposition, for although there is not even memory of the time when the people of the island ceased to celebrate Saint Patrick's feast, the fact remains that they still have a good crop of cassava.

—Rafael A. Soto.



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THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

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"Well I wanted very badly to come with you," she pointed out.

"Yes."

"And you wouldn't let me."

"Well now you can see why not.—but go ahead," Jack prompted.

"Well, I had my own car, so I followed you and parked in front of the house. I slipped around in back just in time to see them strike you."

Jack, who had been lying on a divan sat up, rubbing his head.

"Yes, they slugged me all right," he admitted.

"At first I didn't know what to do," she continued. "There were five men, and the people in the house evidently knew what was going on, for the men brought you right in here. The only thing I could do was to follow them and try to help you in some way."

"What a mess," said Jack, his head throbbing again.

"I couldn't imagine what they were going to do until I saw that one of the men was carrying a camera."

"So that was it," said McConnell. "Boy what a sap I was. Koehler sets his little trap and I walk into it with my eyes open. All his men had to do was take a picture of me, apparently drunk with some girl and I'd follow poor Timmins out of school. 'Outrageous moral disconduct' I believe they call it."

"It's not so bad as all that," Kay explained. "When I saw them go in I followed, and after they had gone upstairs, I told the old lady I was with their party. She took my word for it."

"What good could that possibly do?" moaned McConnell. "To think that I dragged a poor kid like you into a hell hole like this."

"You're making it much worse than it really was," insisted Kay. "I just waited until they looked for the 'outrageous moral background' for their

little act, then whooped down the hall 'decollete' and all that and it worked beautifully. They flopped me in your lap, took three pictures then left us bere. That was all."

"That was all," Jack repeated. "Just what good did it do you to get into this dirty mess and wreck your reputation. Those pictures will make their first stop at Prexy Morrison's office and in turn will land in the hands of the dean of Rose Manor."

"I don't think that they will," said the girl seriously.

"Don't have any doubts on that point," McConnell told her. "Koehler is a fox, and one of the characteristics of the fox family is the ability to plot and then strike when the time comes, and strike good and damn hard. I can just imagine the look of delight on Koehler's face when he sees those pictures."

The girl laughed. "Speaking of foxes," she said, "did it ever occur to you that the one animal that might possibly outsmart the fox would be the female of the species?"

"I'm afraid that I don't follow you."

"You poor kid," said Kay sympathetically. "It would have spoiled everything if I had told you that my name was Koehler, wouldn't it?"

The realization of the truth lifted a crushing weight from McConnell's mind. With it went all of his carefully cultivated indictments of womanhood.

He even found, upon investigation, that, for the daughter of an old reprobate, she kissed very nicely.

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THE WORLD IN MINIATURE

(Continued)

the unemployment problem. In the course of achieving this end it will be necessary for the various delegations to possess intimate knowledge of unemployment conditions within their individual countries. With this knowledge firmly established in their minds the delegates will then be in a position to devise a plan of world unemployment relief and cure. In this case also, the delegations should represent the policies of their respective governments. Naturally some countries have been more progressive in social legislation than others. It will be these countries which will lead the way in evolving a plan for the solution of the world unemployment situation.

Has Educational Value

Now in conclusion of this brief presentation of the subject just what can be said of the educational value of this particular inter-collegiate allied activity? Of course, the primary purpose of these Model Assemblies is to create and nourish that quality of leadership in world affairs which the citizens of our country so sadly lack today in any appreciable degree. Per-

haps an appreciation of international relations and world problems is the prerequisite of adequate leadership. At any rate it is the profound belief of many educators, public officers and others that the participation in this activity reaps a multitude of benefits. The young participant acquires a knowledge of international relations, world problems of every nature, League organizations and practice, and lastly but not least, a deep appreciation of the difficulties lying across the paths of world peace and cooperation. Ignorance only too often incites the individual to ridicule world peace machinery thus destroying its every effort to effect success. Participation in an activity of this kind is believed to sober the individual who tends to be too flippant in the contemplation of world affairs and the relations of his own country with other countries. In the last analysis, such a familiarity with the nature and conduct of international relations together with that of international organization should stimulate deep, productive reflection. When reflection has been accomplished, the consequences should be delightful to contemplate.

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The World in Miniature Assembles at Lehigh

The Secretary General of the Model League of Nations Tells You What To Expect When At Least Thirty Colleges Convene Here Early In April To Discuss World Problems.

EARLY in April, for the second time within several weeks, the brilliant and discriminating intercollegiate spotlight will be focused upon Lehigh University. The occasion is the meeting of the seventh Middle Atlantic Model League of Nations Assembly. Approximately one hundred and fifty picked men and women attending more than twenty-five colleges throughout the Middle Atlantic states will be our guests. This assembly, as its title indicates, is truly a League of Nations assembly in miniature. It represents a successful attempt at reducing a huge, complicated, functioning international instrument to a small, simple, workable model. This achievement has been accomplished through a progressive application of both a thorough knowledge of the organization and operation of the League, and an experience acquired from the practices of the intercollegiate prototype. All but the basic principles and necessary organization of the original conception have been discarded or modified in their adaptation for the student model.

Growing Interest

The history of intercollegiate Model League of Nations Assemblies records the growing interest of college students in international affairs. These assemblies had previously been held in England and Japan before they were introduced into the United States. The first intercollegiate Model League of Nations Assembly to be held in this country was sponsored by the School of Citizenship and Public Affairs of Syracuse University in 1927. Eleven colleges, all within the state of New York, participated. So successful was this first assembly that a motion was adopted to hold another the following year. Hence, in 1928, the second model assembly of this nature convened at Cornell. This time the institutions invited to participate were not limited to New York state alone, but the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania were included as well. As it was to be expected, the number of participating institutions greatly increased as did the general interest in such an allied activity. The future of these model assemblies was no longer enshrouded in doubt. They had definitely captured a prominent place in the interests of most institutions of higher education throughout the entire country.

In this intercollegiate activity, the prestige of the Club was definitely in the ascendancy. In the spring of 1932, the Assembly met at Syracuse for the second time in that institution's history. At this meeting our delegation again heightened the prominence of both the University and the International Relations Club. Two of our club members held positions of high honor. Henry P. Krusen was chosen president of the Assembly while Donald S. Sawyer, President of the Club at the time, was a member of the Continuation Committee. This Committee is the permanent executive council of the Model League of Nations Assembly. To be a member on this Committee is really quite an honor because it is a very small one. Only five students are part of its membership. This Committee, it should be understood, deliberates for the colleges of the Middle Atlantic division of model assemblies. Before the Assembly had adjourned at Syracuse, Lehigh University had a new representative on the Continuation Committee to carry on the work of the retiring member.

1932 a Success

From many aspects the Assembly in 1932 was the most successful year in

By James E. Anderson

The third session, comprising practically the same groups of colleges, was held at Vassar in 1929. Again in 1930, Lafayette was the host of twenty-nine institutions. From many points of view, this model assembly is said to be the most successful to date. In the spring of the following year, Princeton was the site of the Model League's activities. It was here that the delegation from Lehigh's International Relations Club gave first evidence and promise of future promi-

of our prominence in intercollegiate model assemblies had not yet been reached. So impressed were the guiding personalities of the Assembly at Syracuse, that they unhesitatingly suggested the Assembly convene in Bethlehem in 1933. This suggestion was adopted by the administration of the University only after an exhaustive consideration. There were so many problems looming dark and ominous above the heads of those interested and responsible for the University's invitation and which first had

League of Nations. The Continuation Committee, performing in its representative capacity, decides each year the subjects to be considered by the delegates in committees and plenary sessions. This program is generally known as the agenda. This year I feel that the Model League has for consideration three of the most interesting and immediate problems ever offered for discussion and solution to Model League of Nations Assemblies.

The first topic is a consideration of the Manchurian Crisis and the Lytton Report. More specifically the working of this subject has finally been written as follows: Report of Committee of Committee of Twenty-One on Application of Article 16 of the Covenant in the Dispute between Japan and China. Of course it is admitted and hence not open for debate that Japan has resorted to war in disregard of its covenants. If this position were not assumed it seems doubtful that Article 16 would be in effect. At any rate, this subject should prove of great interest to the delegates with all countries large or small vitally concerned. Those delegates forming this Committee of Twenty-One will attempt to arrive at a definite solution of the problem in a fashion consistent with the national and international policies of the countries which they represent. Above all else the delegates should not attempt to inject their personal opinions into the deliberations. It should be made clear that the Model League of Nations Assembly is not a debating society. The value of the session is measured largely by the expertness and thoroughness with which the delegations present the sentiments of the countries which they are representing. This is where a major portion of the educational value of the Assembly enters into the picture.

Arms To Be Discussed

The second topic of the agenda is the problem of drafting a treaty for the control of the manufacture and trade of arms and munitions. Here is another subject of great contemporary interest. It is also another matter of world interest which the League has actually been considering and attempting to arrive at a satisfactory solution. This subject is perhaps the one on which the various delegations will be able to represent most accurately the policies of their respective governments. A sufficient number of armament conferences have been held to offer abundant material for the ascertainment of particular national policies.

The third topic is perhaps the most difficult but no less interesting. It is requested that a committee be formed by the countries of the Model League to devise a plan for the solution of



DR. L. V. GIPSON

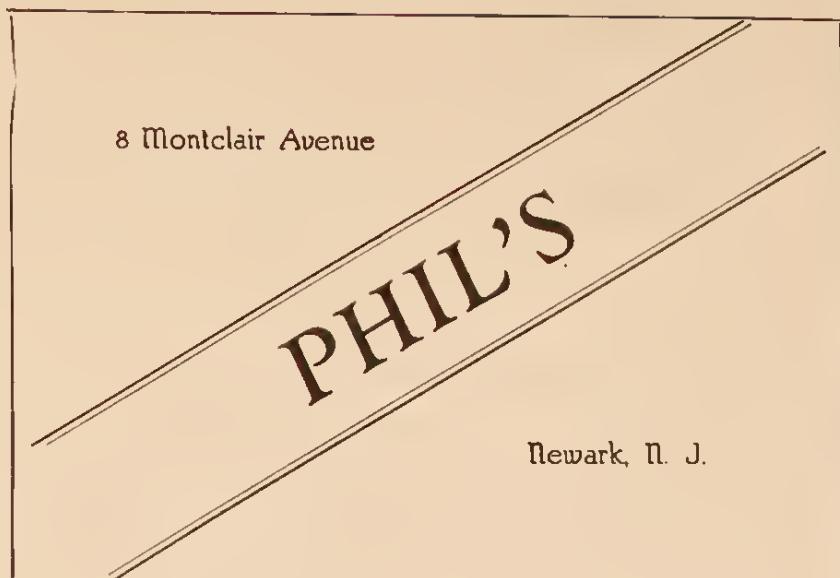
Head of the Department of History, a leading figure in the Model League.

the Club's history. However, the peak to be solved before any active or precipitate steps were taken. One after another, these major problems have melted away before the patience and ingenuity of our faculty and student body. Early in January an invitational letter was circulated among the more prominent colleges and universities of five states. In spite of the present acute economic situation the acceptances are reaching highly gratifying proportions. However, the replies, whether acceptances or rejections, indicate that our higher educational institutions are suffering greatly from the unsettled financial conditions. A few colleges have found it impossible to accept our invitation to participate in this year's model assembly although they have done so in the past. Those which have accepted have made clear that to accept has been difficult but that the administrations of the institutions were convinced of the great educational and inspirational value of this student activity.

Discussion Varied

The subjects which the delegates are expected to discuss naturally vary from year to year as they do in the

(Continued on Page 11)



RUN A HOUSE STORE

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WRITING MY LOVE

*I write this just to you — my own;
Not to be repeated over the phone,
Not to be whispered to Sally Brown,
And praise God Darling — don't tell the town.*

*I write this trembling like a leaf,
Knowing full well of your belief,
That letters are only to be read
When full of "Mots" wiser unsaid.*

*But Darling — for you inscribed alone
This little note I send and groan;
Hoping you won't be overkeyed
On finding it pure in thought and deed.
—J. H. Fulweiler*

CITY FOG

*Water drips from the fog-hidden wires,
A lone light glimmers from the bulk of a tenement,
Far down the empty street a door slams shut,
A dog howls once and is silent.*

*Wet, wet, and heavy, the fog weighs down
Upon black roof and street of the city,
Hiding the stars, and merging distant sounds
Into a monotonous murmur of pity.*

*Like deadly gas the fog seeps into the dwellings,
Where the million sleepers turn incessantly
And cough; and ever dreaming, dream
Of derelicts adrift on a dark and starless sea.
—E. Sloane*

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SUEÑOS. Bitter-sweet dreams of happy days, the memory of which is sorrow.

Sunday morning breakfast at 8:30 as usual. That was the one morning Dad would wait for me. On week days when I got in to breakfast he was already out giving the dogs an airing. On Sunday we gave the dogs an extra long airing, and my assistance was needed to catch them when they started off on projects of their own which took them away from the plaza that ran in front of the house.

Enjoying the English page of the *Excelsior* (after a week of reading, writing, and thinking Spanish), while Dad was dressing. His coming in with his bow tie on, which meant we would take a ride through Chapultepec in an open carriage. Leaving the dogs to the cuffs and kicks of Maria. (They loved it, for the slaps were always interspersed with tithits from the kitchen.)

The charros on their fine horses looking very fine and haughty, and me feeling a little jealous of them because the good looking girls who walked under parasols with their duenas seemed to like to look at them more than at me. Watching the tennis under the hot sun at the Chapultepec club. The pure-blooded Indian princess who was very proud but really looked like any peon. Feeling a

little triste at the pool where Maximilian and his mad Carlotta used to bathe. The sadness that comes over me whenever I think of people being happy only to have the happiness followed by misery and despair. The view from the castle which crowns the hill in the middle of the park. The city lying very flat and quiet, as it does on even its busiest days. The snow-capped peaks of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl in the distance, with mile after mile of cultivated maguey plants in between.

Learning that the large white house opposite the park, with the fronton court behind it, belonged to ex-president Calles and that he was hiding in it. Being told that those men behind the bushes were gunmen out to get him with the sanction (unofficial of course) of the government. My stomach getting very hard, and being very glad those tough looking hombres weren't out to get me.

Home to dinner of doves and very, very hot mole. The long siesta in the hammock in the patio. Tea in the blue tiled patio of Sanborn's about four, with the orchestra playing Jurame and the Americans being loud and drowning out the music. The

Mexican gente de gente very quiet and well bred and very out of place, but there because tea at Sanborn's was the thing to do. Long cigarettes that tasted vile at the table of General Cardenas because it isn't polite to refuse.

Tea dancing at the Inn at San Angel. Being very angry at Consuelo because she would flirt with everyone and wouldn't be nice to me. Being very proud when we tangoed together. Walking down to the main road to get a coche with the stars very close, and Consuelo very much closer trying to make up and be nice. Stopping at the big white building on the Paseo de la Reforma where the Loteria Nacional had its headquarters. Pushing through a crowd of sweaty peons at the entrance to find that Consuelo had won a hundred pesos and celebrating with supper at the Imperial.

Getting home very late and hoping that Dad wouldn't wake up. Finding him sitting up with Joya who had just had five puppies. Spelling him the rest of the night at making her feed them.

It is all over for me now, but Mexico still dreams in the sun. The police and firemen still line up along the Paseo on the first Tuesday of each month for the inspection. The decrepit, rattling, Ford camiones still move, with their ragged conductors running along yelling, "Hay lugares, senorita, hay lugares." when in reality there is hardly room to squeeze another person in.

There are still grey hound races out at the Galgodromo where one can go and be heartily ashamed of his loud-voiced, domineering countrymen. The scalpers still sell tickets in front of the Plaza de Toros. Swarthy women still hand you little blue cards inviting you to their house on the Calle de Meave, where they "receive friends until 12 p. m.", and the Beneficencia Publica still gives free Salvarsan treatments to those who want them.

It is all there waiting for me, and quien sabe, perhaps Consuelo is waiting for me too, and I am glad I am young, and I know that before I am old I'll go back again and try to collect all the little pieces of me that I left there, and when I have them perhaps the eternal feeling of nostalgia will leave me and I'll be happy and contented again.

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Tell him what Lehigh has to offer—its advantages as you know them—its high standing in scholarship—the leadership of its men in the world of industry—its rigid adherence to the highest standards in every phase of college activity

Point out that Lehigh is of sufficient size to offer adequate facilities and complete range of work in its three colleges and yet small enough to have a real college atmosphere on the campus with its accompanying spirit of friendliness and fellowship among students and faculty.

Then give his name to the Registrar when you get back to college.

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BOOK REVIEW

(Continued)

CHAKA—MOFOLO (SESUTO)

After reading Chaka and then thinking a bit about it, the story becomes more than a gruesome and more or less tiresome narrative. At first the book seemed just a fantastic story. The novel really portrays the struggle to fame and power among his people of a poor bastard son of the chief. The fact that Chaka thought he really deserved the position of chief after his father's death was the driving motive of his life. I thought the book was interesting simply because it was different from the ordinary in that I was learning something of the way people lived who I had never previously known existed.

—H. J. O'Brien

THE TRIAL OF GREGOR KASKA (GER.)

This book so essentially German deals with the customs, the habits and the code of honor, which are observed in most European countries. Gregor Kaska is a great artist, a singer with whom it is practically impossible to become acquainted. At the opening of the story this man is being tried for the murder of a Professor Drav, a great fraud, who had really committed suicide. Gregor Kaska, apprehended for the killing, manages to save the name of the girl wronged by Drav and gets himself also acquitted. I liked the book. A complicated situation was interestingly handled and the reader is interestingly informed of the part played by each one of the several characters.

—A. N. Phillips

PRISONERS UNDER THE SUN—BAUER (GER.)

A kaleidoscope of life under the African sun! A vivid fascinating and unusual picture of white men fighting for love and life under the cruel and unconquerable tropical heat. The realistic picture that Bauer draws of this interesting phase of life, has about it the essence of truth, and one can almost see these men striving and straining against the unsympathetic sun that holds them prisoners. This book is as interesting as any I have read for a long time. It is the ideal book for a sick man. I was sick in bed at the time I read it, and I wouldn't stop reading it long enough to gargle. It is very easy to become completely absorbed in this book.

—F. K. Richter

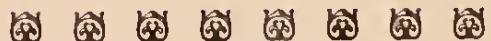
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WHAT BECOMES OF ARTS MEN

(Continued)

The students who are listed as attending "other graduate schools" are pretty well distributed over various fields. There are 7 in English, 1 in Education, 1 in Economics, 1 in History, 1 in Chemistry, 1 in Geology, 1 in Politics, 1 in Romance Languages, and 1 in Physics. Most of these men are looking forward to college teaching.

Of the 40 men listed under business or labor there are several who are in occupations which perhaps should be classified otherwise. The occupations are almost as varied as the individuals. For example: assistant to plant manager, laborer in a coal mine, silk salesman, bond salesman, publishing clerk, rent agent, salesman of towels, fire adjustment, shoe salesman, odd jobs, production manager, broadcasting dramatic sketches, surveying pipelines, tire company manager, real estate, newspaper office clerk, advertising, chemist, department store, dress cutter, furniture manufacturing, newspaper correspondent, proprietor chain coal yards, efficiency manager, political secretary, flower and hot house business, brokerage clerk and a few odds and ends where the actual occupation is not clear.

The Arts man is nothing if not versatile. In some cases the men in this category have fallen naturally into positions created for them by family influence. Most of the group, however, have been forced to take what they could get and it is to the credit of the college man that he does not hesitate to turn his hand and mind to anything that comes his way. In certain cases there is a fine idealistic spirit behind the lowly job. The man employed in the coal mine intends to prepare himself for the consular service and will eventually need some graduate work. His brother is now in the medical school and as the family funds are low the coal miner is hacking this brother until he gets his M.D.

Of the teachers four are in college work, the remainder in high or preparatory schools. Four men are teaching English, four Mathematics, two science, one foreign language, one History, one is assisting in Geology, and one is acting as a substitute. Three of the men are at the same time coaches in various athletic sports.

Remarkable in view of the fact that the Arts man has no specific professional training is the small number of men unemployed. The 13 men listed in this group represent less than ten per cent of the total. Some of the six men who did not reply should probably be listed under this heading.

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PACKER HALL --- An old Wood Cut

YESTERDAY — — —

Students walked in and out of Packer Hall just as they do today — good fellows all — with a love for their University and for their fellow men—and a keen zest for what were then the modern things in life — They may seem old-fashioned to us now — but you can rest assured they were up to the minute then — especially in their dress.

TODAY — — —

It's a new crowd of Boys you meet today outside Packer Hall — they've changed somehow — just as Packer Hall has changed — yes, they've both changed their garb — but, at heart they're just the same — good fellows all. — It's still the same old Lehigh spirit — despite the new fangled ideas.

HUMAN NATURE DOESN'T CHANGE — BUT FASHIONS DO

LEE JASPER

“The Man’s Shop”

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STYLES OF TODAY WITH A TOUCH OF TOMORROW





